

No. 6 AUG. 26

SPY SMASHER

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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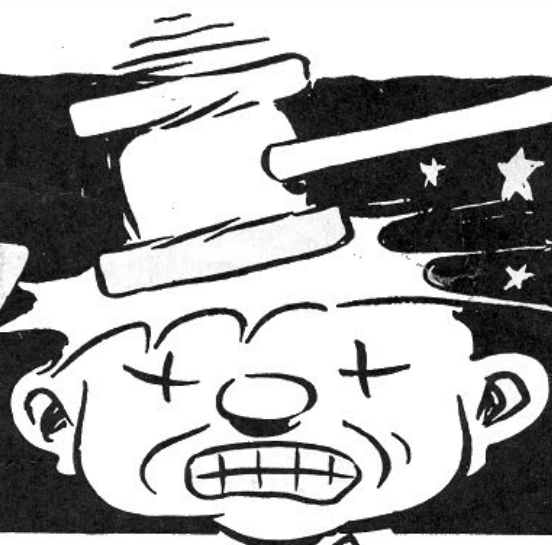
SPY SMASHER
BATTLES THE
SHARKS OF STEEL!

See Page 12



YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE
HIT ON THE HEAD TO
SEE STARS!

CAPT. MARVEL



SPY SMASHER



MR. SCARLET



MINUTE MAN

BULLETMAN



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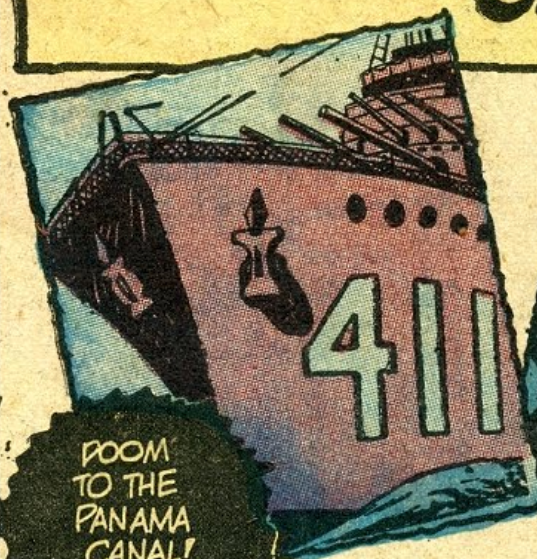
**The Rev.
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To help us maintain high standards of wholesome entertainment in our comics publications, we have enlisted the aid of the distinguished individuals whose names are given above.

Fawcett Publications, Inc., is happy to have the co-operation of these advisors whose names are known to every parent and child. I am sure that our readers will profit by the connection of Mrs. Roosevelt, Admiral Byrd, Dr. Dafoe and Father Tynan with this magazine.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr.
PRESIDENT

In this Issue...
SPY SMASHER
Gives you...



**POOM
TO THE
PANAMA
CANAL!
PAGE-4**



**THE
YELLOW
PERIL
STRIKES!
PAGE-23**



**THE
FLIGHT OF
THE GHOST
SQUADRON!
PAGE-41**



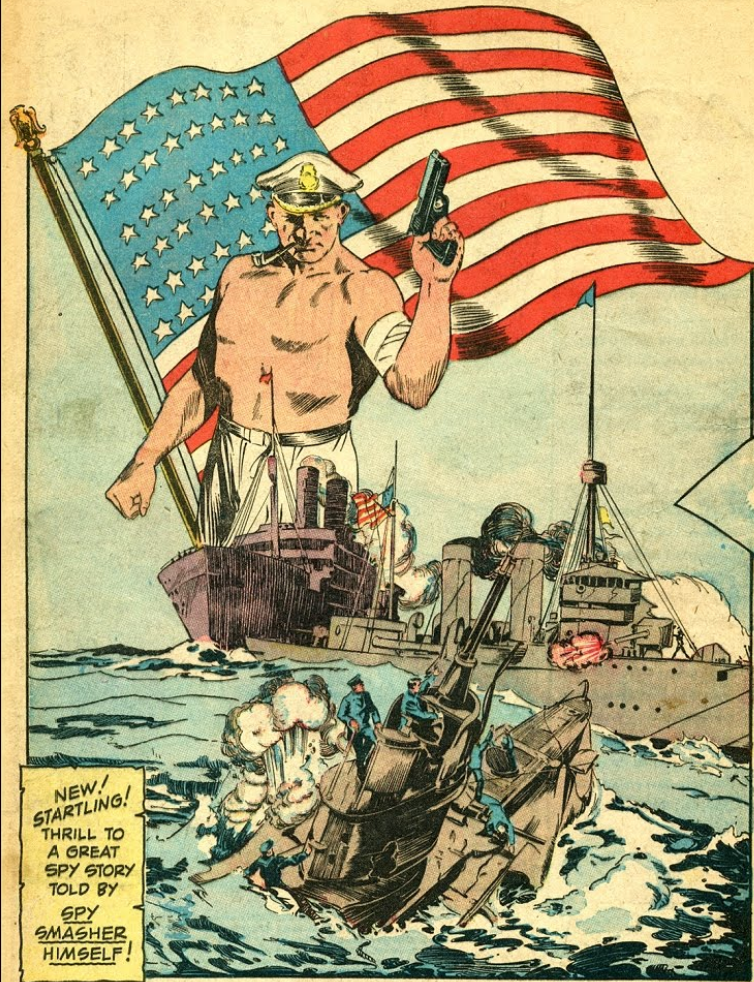
**GRAND-
PAPPY SWIRE
AND THE 5th
COLUMN FURY!
PAGE-58**

PLUS

TRUE SPY SECRETS—A NEW FEATURE... PAGE 20
DEATH AT THE LAUNCHING—SHORT STORY... PAGE 38
THRILLING SPY TALES—FROM WORLD WAR ONE—PAGE 53

Vol. 1, No. 6. August 26, 1942

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NEW!
STARTLING!
THRILL TO
A GREAT
SPY STORY
TOLD BY
SPY
SMASHER
HIMSELF!

SPY SMASHER

ONCE A NAVY MAN ALWAYS A NAVY MAN!

SO THEY SAY IN THE U.S.N.—THAT
OF DEEPER THAN DEATH OR DISGRACE, THE
THAT ONCE CLAIMED YOU! IS IT TRUE?
I WAS TO FIND THE ANSWER WHEN I WENT
BELOW THE EQUATOR, TO SEARCH FOR A
FORGOTTEN FORSAKEN MAN—EX-LIEUTENANT
RICHARDS! AND HERE'S THE INSIDE
STORY, AS I SAW AND SHARED
IN IT...

Spy Smasher

ADMIRAL CORBY DOESN'T KNOW
I'M REALLY QUIET, LAZY ALAN
ARMSTRONG—IF HE DID, HE
MIGHT NOT BE SO READY TO
GIVE ME IMPORTANT AND PERIL-
OUS ASSIGNMENTS!

BEHIND THAT MASK YOU'RE
THE OUTSTANDING BRAIN
IN THE AMERICAN
SECRET SERVICE,
SPY SMASHER!
I WANT YOU TO VISIT
THE CENTRAL AMERICAN
REPUBLIC OF DORADO!



YOU ARE TO FIND AND
BRING BACK EX-
COMMANDER ROY
RICHARDS OF
THE NAVY—
WANTED FOR
MURDER!

**"DORADO! TINY NATION
NEAR THE PANAMA
CANAL....."**

HMMM!
SHOULDN'T BE
MUCH OF A
SEARCH.



SEÑOR?

I SAID.
MORE
RUM--
PRONTO!

WAIT!
A MESSAGE FOR
ROY RICARDO!



**"ELSEWHERE, A REFUGEE CRIMINAL
NAMED EX-LIEUTENANT ROY RICHARDS...."**

LEAVE US, SERGEANT!
SEÑOR RICARDO, I
HAVE INVESTIGATED
YOUR CASE! YOU
ONCE RANKED
AS COMMANDER
IN THE AMERICAN
NAVY-- BUT
KILLED
SOMEONE
AND FLED!

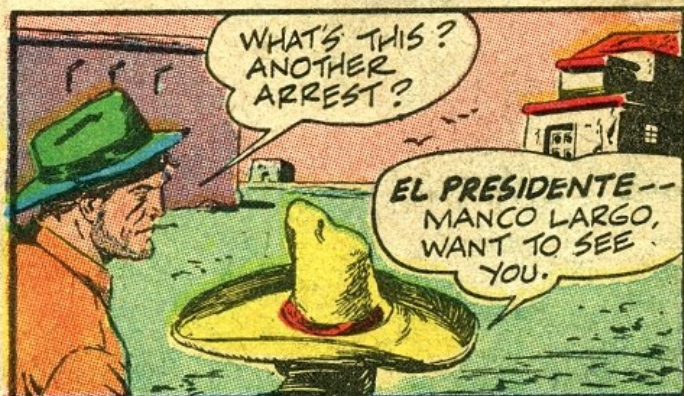


**BUT THE SEARCH WAS NOT SO
EASY AT FIRST, IN THE CAPITAL
CITY, LANCHO."**



WHAT'S THIS?
ANOTHER
ARREST?

EL PRESIDENTE--
MANCO LARGO,
WANT TO SEE
YOU.



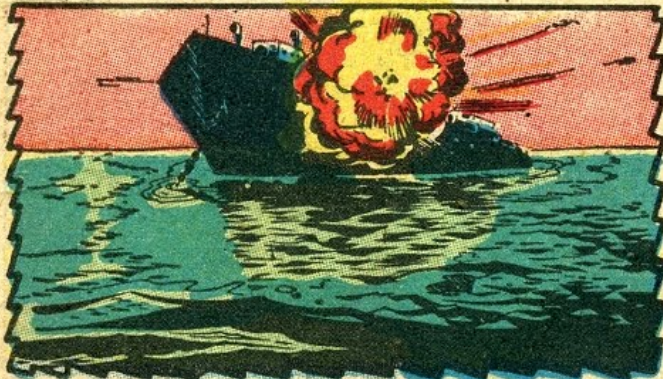
YES, BUT HAVEN'T I BEEN
PUNISHED ENOUGH BY
EXILE AND POVERTY---?

SPEAK NOT OF PUNISHMENT!
I WISH ONLY TO DO YOU
GOOD!





"MEANWHILE, NAZI SUBS WERE AT THEIR RUTHLESS WORK!"



THE MAN I'M AFTER IS WANTED IN HIS OWN COUNTRY, FOR MURDER!

THIS IS AN IMPORTANT MATTER! COME WITH ME BEFORE OUR EXCELLENCE, THE PRESIDENTE!





"SOMETHING IN HIS FACE, GONE SUDDENLY STRAINED AND DEADLY, WARNED ME OF DIRE PERIL."





THIS GRINGO!
INTO A
DUNGEON
WITH HIM!

"BEFORE MY DIZZY HEAD
WAS CLEAR, I WAS HURLED
INTO A DANK, IRON-BARRED
PRISON!"

WELCOME, AMIGO,
TO THIS FOUL CELL!
I AM RUBIO, A POOR
FISHERMAN, WHO WAS
FOOLISH ENOUGH TO CONDEMN
THE PRO-NAZI GOVERNMENT
OF MANCO LARGO!



LARGO IS
PRO-NAZI,
YOU SAY?

YES! BUT
LISTEN....

THE MERCIFUL
PRESIDENTE OFFERS
FREEDOM TO ALL
SAILORS WHO WILL
VOLUNTEER FOR
NAVY SERVICE!
THE FLEET WILL
SAIL AT ONCE
TO HUNT
GERMAN
SUBMARINES!

I FORGET MY QUARREL
WITH LARGO! SINCE
OUR SEACOAST
NEEDS DEFENSE,
I VOLUNTEER!

WHY NOT
VOLUNTEER,
RUBIO?

I'M NO TRUST-
ING FOOL LIKE
POOR CARLO
OVER THERE!



LARGO
INTENDS
TO SACRIFICE
THE FLEET! THEN
HE WILL LET THE
NAZIS IN!

HMMM-- IF YOU WON'T GO, RUBIO,
LEND ME YOUR HAT AND PONCHO!
I'LL DO A LITTLE
MASQUERADING!



FORTUNATELY, WE WERE ABOUT THE SAME SIZE. RUBIO'S BIGHAT SHADED MY FACE AND HEAD, HIS PONCHO COVERED MY TELLTALE COSTUME! HE HID IN A DIM CORNER, WHILE I WENT TO THE BARRED DOOR AND SHOUTED...



I ALSO VOLUNTEER!

COME, THEN.



"I WAS HERDED WITH OTHER VOLUNTEERS, BEFORE A BALCONY OF THE PALACE"



WHAT IS THIS FLEET WE ARE TO SAIL WITH, FRIEND?

PEACETIME CRAFT ARMED WITH GUNS, THAT'S ALL.

GREETINGS TO MY BRAVE SEA-FIGHTERS! I INTRODUCE TO YOU YOUR ADMIRAL --- THE ILLUSTRIOUS ROYALE RICARDO!

VIVA!

BRAVO!



UNDER ADMIRAL RICARDO, WILL SERVE THESE TWO CAPTAINS-- CARLO AND KULL!

HEY! THAT ADMIRAL RICARDO-- IS HE--?



SILENCIO, AMIGO! HE IS REALLY ROY RICHARDS, AN AMERICAN SAID TO BE HIDING FOR SOME CRIME UP NORTH!



AT LAST I HAD NEWS OF MY MAN.

"I WAS PLACED ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP, COMMANDED BY THE RUNAWAY KILLER I HAD BEEN SENT TO FIND!"



KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR NAZI SUBMARINES!

"BUT CRIMINAL OR NOT ROY RICHARDS WAS A SPLENDID COMMANDER."

ON YOUR TOES, MEN! WE MAY MEET NAZIS ANY MOMENT!



BUT HE WAS WORRIED ENOUGH TO TALK TO HIMSELF..."

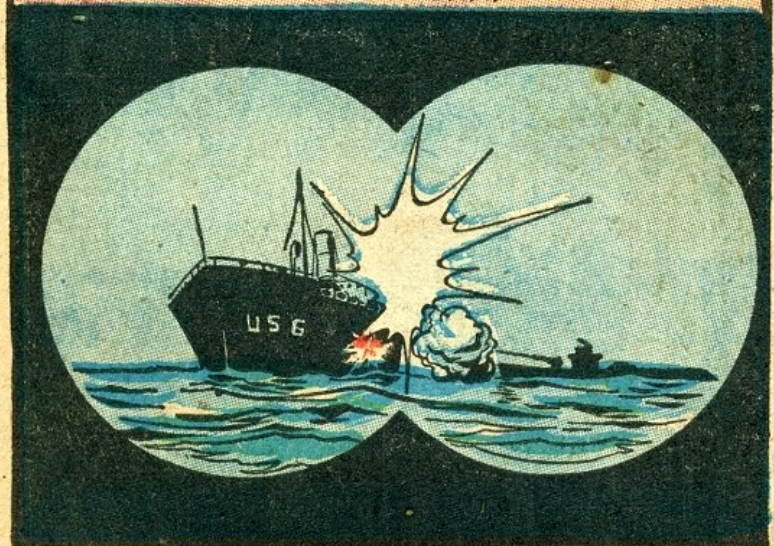


I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN--A SHIP TO COMMAND, ENEMY TO FIGHT! MAYBE I CAN PULL ONE OUT OF THE BAG AND JUSTIFY MYSELF!

ATTENTION! NAZI SUBMARINE ATTACKING A UNITED STATES TANKER.



"AS THE LOOKOUT SHOUTED, THE U-BOAT FINISHED ITS DEADLY WORK."



ADMIRAL ROY RICHARDS WENT INTO ACTION!



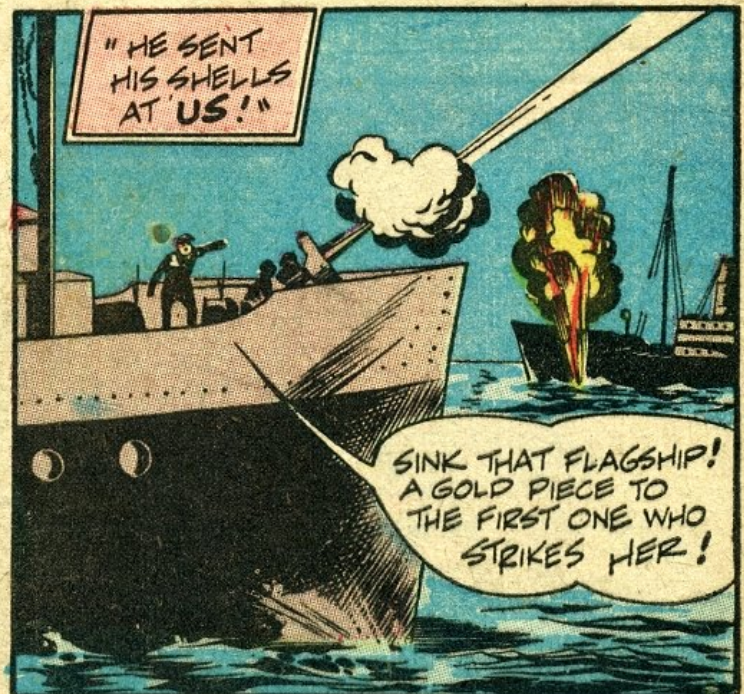
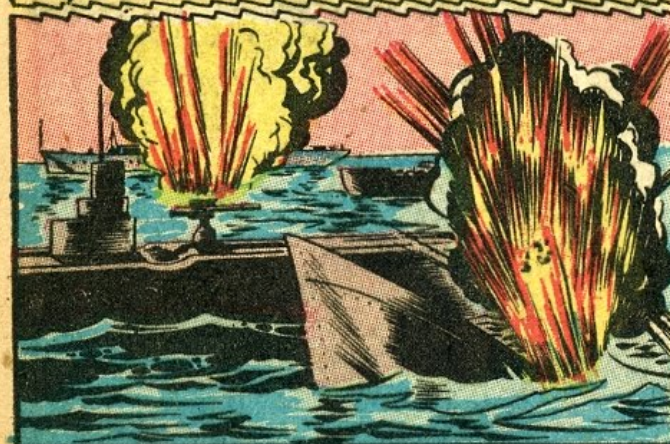
FULL SPEED AHEAD! CLEAR FOR ACTION AND OPEN FIRE ON THAT NAZI SUBMARINE!



"BUT THE SUBMARINE DID NOT DIVE! SHE SPED AWAY, ALMOST TOUCHING KULL'S SHIP, WHICH DID NOT FIRE A SHOT!"



"WE OBEYED! MY FIRST SHOT SMASHED A SMALL SUBMARINE, CARLO'S GUN MADE ANOTHER ONE ROCK! BUT WHEN KULL OPENED FIRE"



"THE FIRST SHOT FROM KULL'S SHIP DAMAGED OUR BOW GUN!"



"MORE POWERFUL SHELLS STRUCK US!"



"WE'RE SINKING, SIR! THERE WENT THE MAGAZINE!"

"DIRTY WORK HERE! KULL HAS HEAVIER GUNS THAN WE HAVE."



"MEANWHILE, THE SUBMARINES SHELLED POOR CAPTAIN CARLOS AND HIS SHIP TO PIECES!"



"CURSE IT, MAN, MY SHIP'S GOING DOWN! I, AS ADMIRAL, SHOULD GO DOWN WITH HER!"

"NO! SWIM WITH ME!"

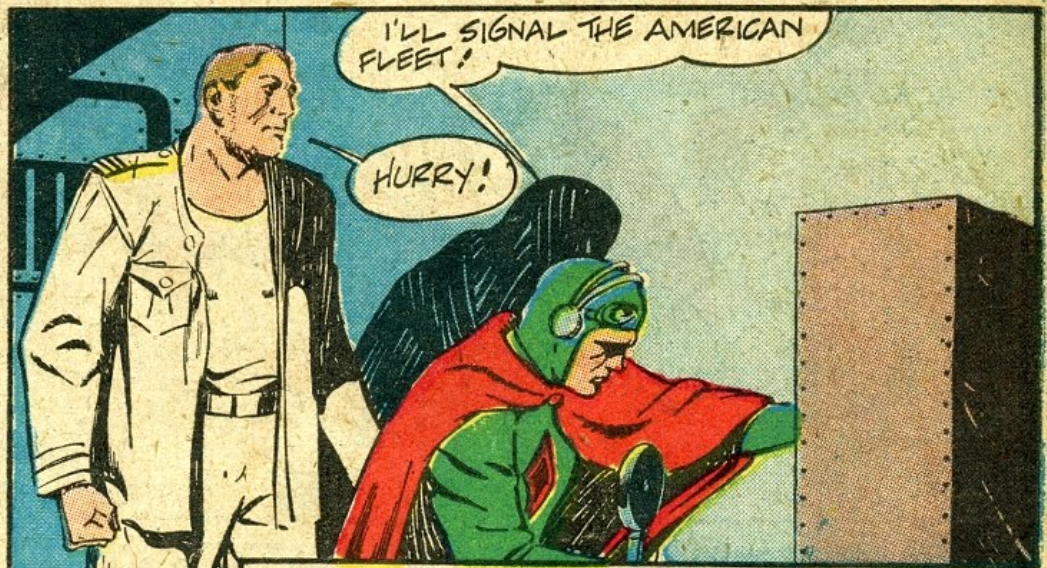
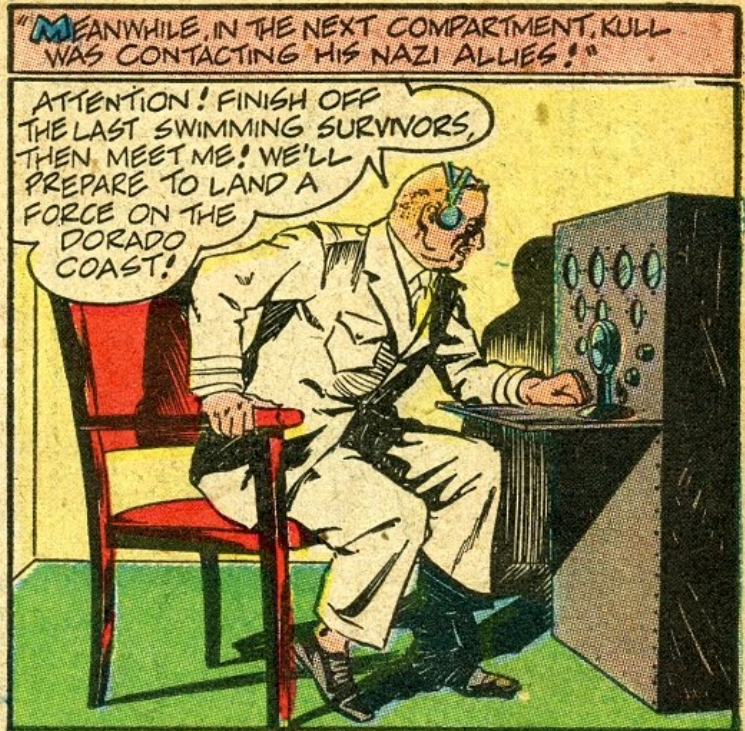
"RICHARDS AND I SWAM FROM OUR SINKING SHIP."



"ADMIRAL RICARDO AND ONE OF HIS MEN, SIR --- THEY'VE SWUM HERE AND ARE TRYING TO GET ABOARD!"

"HELP THEM UP HERE! I HAVE A WAY TO MAKE THEM USEFUL!"





"THEN WE WERE INTERRUPTED..."



"DESPITE HIS YEARS OF SQUALID LIFE, RICHARDS WAS A MIGHTY GOOD SCRAPPER! WITHIN MOMENTS WE HAD CONQUERED, AND TOOK THE WEAPONS OF OUR BEATEN ENEMIES!"



"THOSE NAZI WATER-RATS SWAM INTO EX-
ACTLY THE SORT OF TRAP THEY
LIKE TO SET FOR OTHERS!
MY FIRST SHOT
KNOCKED
THE
NEAREST
SUBMARINE
TO
PIECES!"

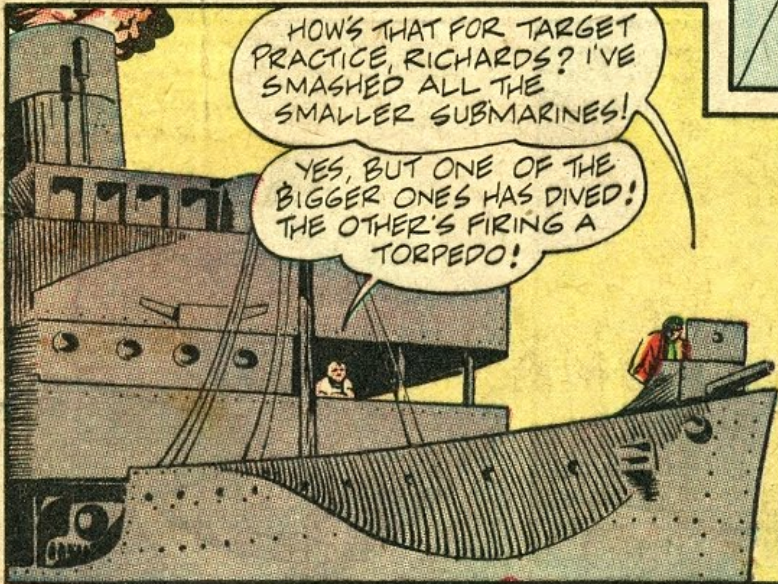


I OUGHT TO WIN A
KEWPIE DOLL WITH
THAT BULLSEYE!

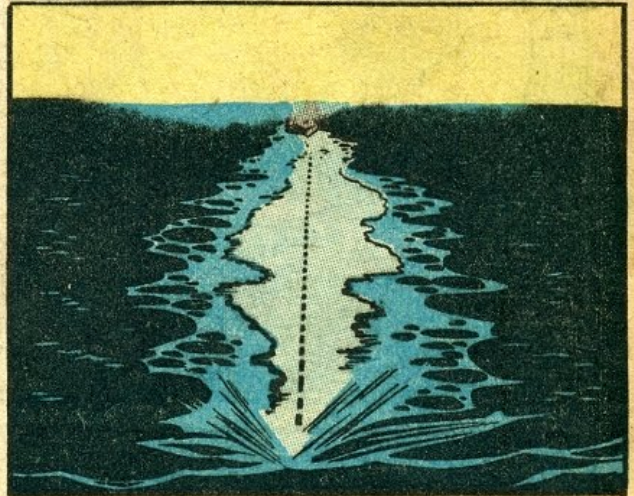


HOW'S THAT FOR TARGET
PRACTICE, RICHARDS? I'VE
SMASHED ALL THE
SMALLER SUBMARINES!

YES, BUT ONE OF THE
BIGGER ONES HAS DIVED!
THE OTHER'S FIRING A
TORPEDO!



"[IT WAS TRUE; MY COMPANION'S QUICK
EYE HAD CAUGHT THE FOAMY PROMISE
OF DISASTER.]"



HANG ON BY YOUR
EYELIDS, SPY SMASHER!
I'M GOING TO DODGE
THAT TORPEDO!



SUCCESS!!



"HE DID WHAT HE SAID HE'D DO! LIKE A
MADMAN HE SWUNG US OVER -- AL-
MOST CAPSIZED US -- THE SHIP VI-
BRATED WITH THE STRAIN! AND THE
TORPEDO WHIZZED BY."

"BUT THAT TORPEDO WASN'T WASTED! FOR IN ITS PATH, BEHIND US, ROSE THE SUBMARINE THAT HAD DIVED—JUST IN TIME TO STOP A CRIPPLING BLAST!"



THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL FRONTIER JUSTICE, OR POETIC JUSTICE, OR SOMETHING!

"A MOMENT LATER, I FIRED A LAST SHELL THAT SANK OUR SOLE SURVIVING ENEMY!"



THAT MAKES OUR BATTING AVERAGE A THOUSAND! SOMEBODY BREAK THE NEWS TO HITLER!

WHAT ARE THOSE SHIPS APPROACHING?



"JUST IN TIME TO VIEW OUR VICTORY CAME ADMIRAL CORBY'S FLEET!"

AHOY, DORADO NAVAL VESSEL! ADMIRAL CORBY COMING ABOARD!



ADMIRAL CORBY! HE'S THE ONE WHO SENT YOU AFTER ME! WELL I WON'T RUN THIS TIME!

LET ME HANDLE THIS, RICHARDS!



SPY SMASHER! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU'D BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS VICTORY!

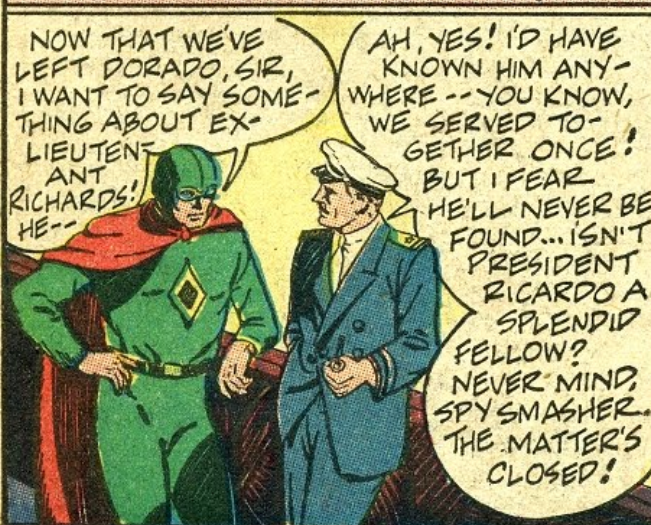
THE REAL MAN RESPONSIBLE IS ADMIRAL RICARDO OF THE DORADO NAVY! ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE HIM!



"IT WAS AN INSPIRING MOMENT! THE HONEST PEOPLE OF DORADO WERE GLAD OF THE NEWS OF VICTORY--AND EAGER TO REWARD THE HERO OF THE FIGHT!"



"AFTER THE INAUGURATION, I RETURNED TO AMERICA WITH ADMIRAL CORBY!"



NOT SINCE THAT DAY HAVE ADMIRAL CORBY AND I SPOKEN OF EX-LIEUTENANT RICHARDS! BUT I KNOW THAT THE ADMIRAL KNOWS HOW A MAN, EVEN THOUGH HE HAS BEEN EVIL AND FOOLISH, CAN RECLAIM HIMSELF AND BE A CREDIT AND ASSET TO MANKIND!



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PRESENT

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**CAPTAIN
MARVEL!**

**SPY
SMASHER!**



**GOLDEN
ARROW!**



LANCE O'CASEY!



DR. VOODOO!



**IBIS THE
INVINCIBLE!**

SPY SMASHER

and HIDEOUS
HIDEO!

ALASKA!
I, HIDEO - WILL MAKE
THE AMERICAN BASES
USELESS, THEN I WILL
CRUSH ALL AMERICA!
HO! HO! HO!

WE DON'T DARE
LET YOU SEE HIDEO'S
FACE - FEW PEOPLE SEE
IT AND LIVE! I WARN YOU -
IF YOU CAN'T TAKE IT -
DON'T READ THIS STORY.
IT'S THE MOST GRUESOME
ADVENTURE I'VE EVER HAD!



ANTARCTICA

AT AN ARMY FLYING FIELD IN ALASKA - AN ARMY TRANSPORT PLANE IS ABOUT TO TAKE OFF WITH FOUR IMPORTANT OFFICERS ABOARD.



EVERYTHING O.K., SERGEANT? GOT TO TAKE THESE BRASS HATS TO SEE THE COMMANDING GENERAL.



EVERYTHING IS READY, SIR!

AS THE PLANE RISES, THE GROUND-CREW SERGEANT IS STILL ABOARD - UNKNOWN TO THE OFFICERS!

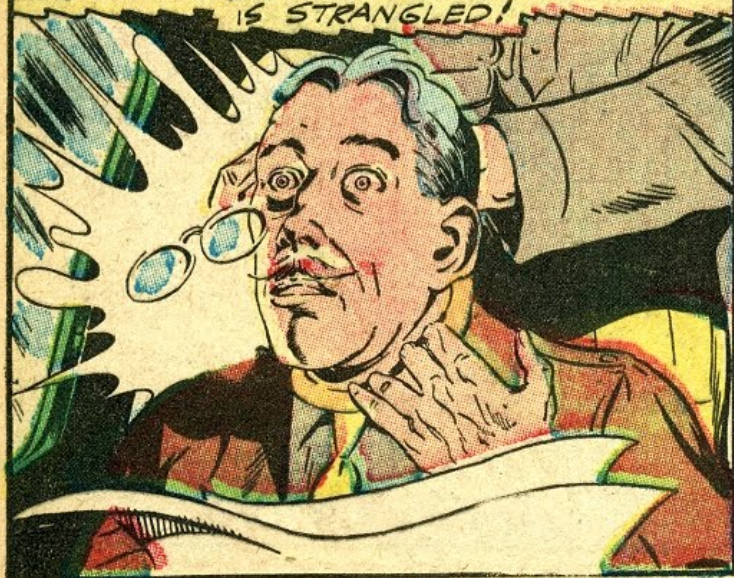


FIVE MINUTES MORE AND MY TIME WILL COME!

NOW FOR THE FIRST ONE!

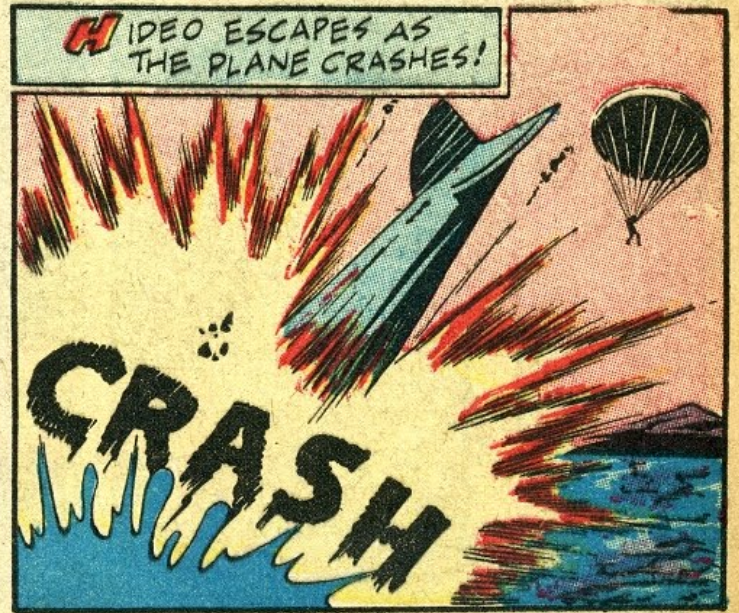
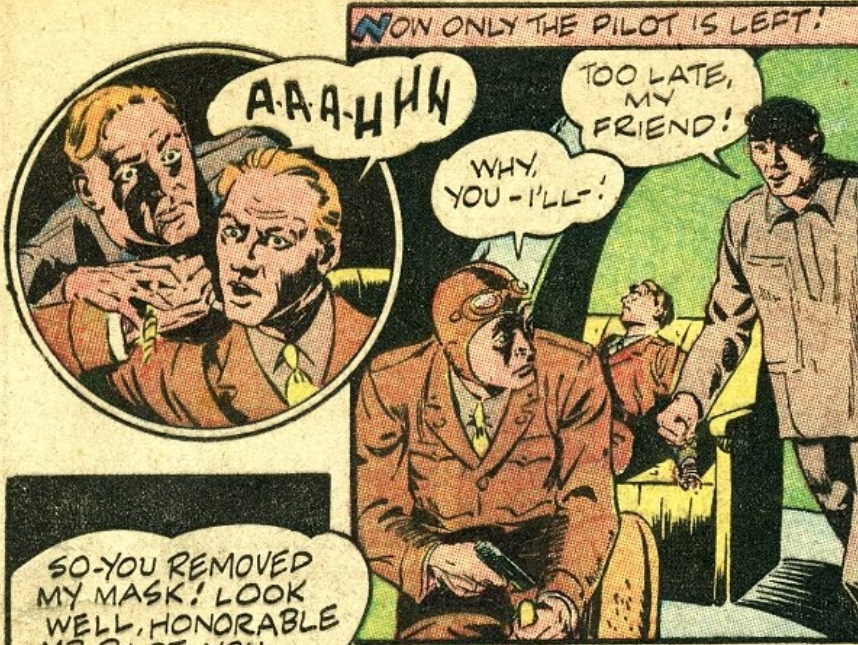


IN A FEW SECONDS - WITH NO NOISE THAT CAN BE HEARD ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE MOTORS - THE OFFICER IN THE REAR SEAT IS STRANGLER!



THREE OF THEM GONE - SO SILENTLY, SO QUICKLY! A MOMENT MORE - AND THE PILOT WILL BE RIDING ALONE WITH DEATH!





THE NEXT DAY IN VIRGINIA—THE WELL KNOWN SPORTSMAN, ALAN ARMSTRONG, READS THE TERRIBLE NEWS.



GREAT SCOTT!
WHAT'S
THIS?

GOSH! FOUR HIGH ARMY OFFICERS AND PILOT LOST IN ALASKA. CAUSE UNKNOWN.

DAILY WORLD
MYSTERY PLANE
CRASH KILLS 5



SABOTAGE!
SPY SMASHER
MUST GO INTO
ACTION BEFORE
THE ENEMY
CAN STRIKE
AGAIN!

DAILY WORLD
FLYING CONDITIONS
PERFECT, YET PLANE
CRASHED IN FLAMES!

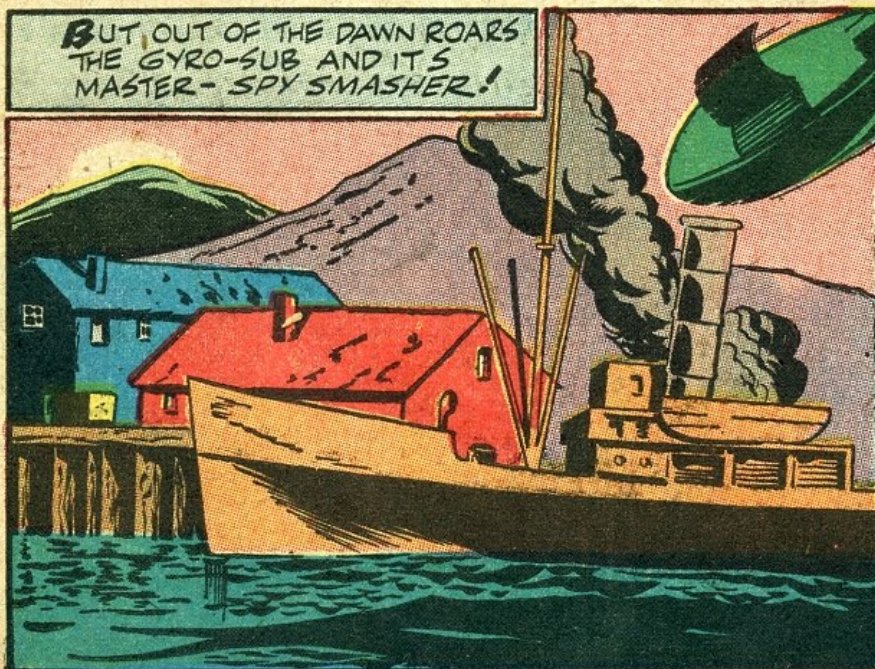
* THE OFFICERS LOST WERE FOUR OF THE GENERAL STAFF. THEY WERE FLYING TO SEE GENERAL JAMES TO DISCUSS NEW PLANS FOR THE DEFENSE OF ALASKA. ALL BODIES WERE BURNED BEYOND RECOGNITION, EXCEPT FOR THE PILOT, WHO WAS THROWN CLEAR. EXPERTS SAY HE COULD NOT HAVE BEEN AT THE CONTROLS OF THE PLANE AND PROBABLY WAS KILLED BEFORE THE PLANE CRASHED

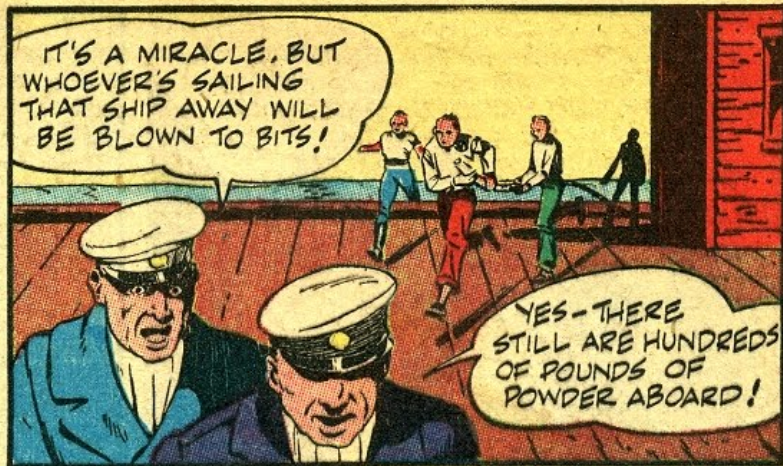


AS THE GYRO-SUB NEARS AN IMPORTANT ALASKAN BASE—FIRE BREAKS OUT ON A MUNITIONS-LADEN SHIP AT THE ARSENAL WHARF!

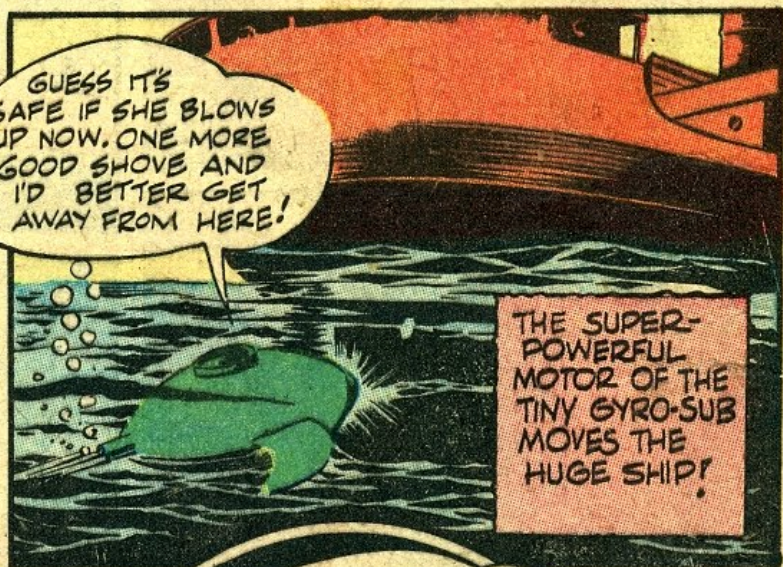
A FEW MINUTES LATER A STRANGE-LOOKING AIRSHIP ZOOMS HIGH OVER WASHINGTON AND HEADS FOR ALASKA. AT THE CONTROLS OF HIS SECRET GYRO-SUB IS SPY-SMASHER—OFF ON HIS GRIMMEST ADVENTURE!







JUST AT THAT MOMENT THE FIRE REACHES THE SHIP'S POWDER MAGAZINES!



ONLY ONE MAN COULD HAVE UPSET MY PLANS - SPY SMASHER! I HOPE HE SURVIVED THAT EXPLOSION - I WANT TO SHOW HIM WHO WILL DO THE SMASHING THIS TIME. I, HIDEO!



WELL IF IT ISN'T MY OLD FRIEND, ALAN ARMSTRONG! DID YOU ARRIVE IN TIME FOR THE FIREWORKS?



HELLO, GENERAL JAMES. HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHO THE SPY IS THAT'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS - AND THAT PLANE CRASH?

WE'RE SURE IT'S HIDEO - MOST DANGEROUS SPY IN THE WORLD. HE HAS THE MOST HORRIBLE FACE EVER SEEN - BUT NO ONE HAS SEEN IT AND LIVED. WE HAVEN'T CAUGHT HIM BECAUSE HE'S A PAST MASTER IN DISGUISE.



AN HOUR LATER - AT GENERAL JAMES' HEADQUARTERS....



HIDEO KILLS ANYONE HE WANTS TO IMPERSONATE, THEN POURS HOT WAX OVER HIS FACE. A FEW HOURS LATER HIDEO HAS TAKEN THE MAN'S PLACE - WEARING A DEATH-MASK OF THE MAN'S FACE THAT FOOLS EVERYONE!

NO MATTER WHAT PRECAUTIONS WE TAKE - HIDEO KEEPS STRIKING AGAIN AND AGAIN. WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM - OR AMERICA IS DOOMED!



HO, HO, HO! LOOK OUT, AMERICA - HIDEO IS READY TO STRIKE AGAIN!



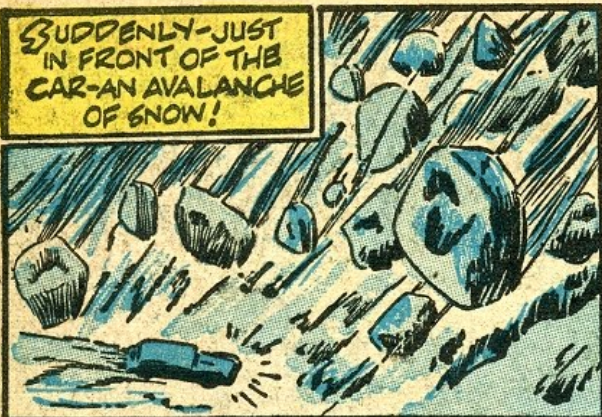
WELL - I'VE GOT TO INSPECT THE AIR-FIELDS. HIDEO MAY STRIKE THERE NEXT.

I'LL BET HIDEO TRIES TO GET THE GENERAL NEXT. LOOKS LIKE SPY SMASHER BETTER GET TO WORK AGAIN!

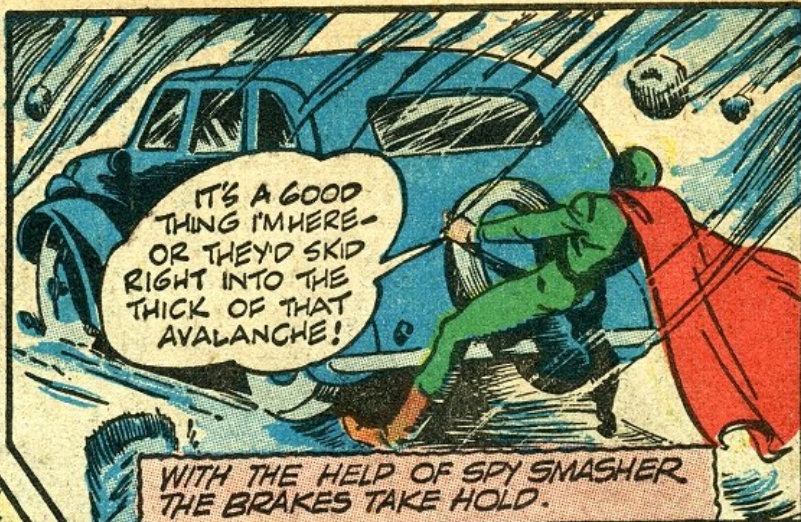
THE GENERAL'S CAR ROARS OFF INTO AN ON-COMING ALASKAN BLIZZARD. BUT NOW THERE'S AN EXTRA PASSENGER - SPY SMASHER!



SUDDENLY—JUST
IN FRONT OF THE
CAR—AN AVALANCHE
OF SNOW!



IT'S A GOOD
THING I'M HERE—
OR THEY'D SKID
RIGHT INTO THE
THICK OF THAT
AVALANCHE!



WITH THE HELP OF SPY SMASHER
THE BRAKES TAKE HOLD.

SPY SMASHER!
I'M SURE GLAD
TO SEE YOU!



I'LL GO AHEAD
SIR, AND SEE IF
IT'S POSSIBLE
TO GET AROUND
THIS SNOW.

A FEW
MINUTES
LATER...

YOU NEED BETTER
PROTECTION, GENERAL.
I'M SURE HIDEO
WILL STRIKE AT
YOU NEXT.

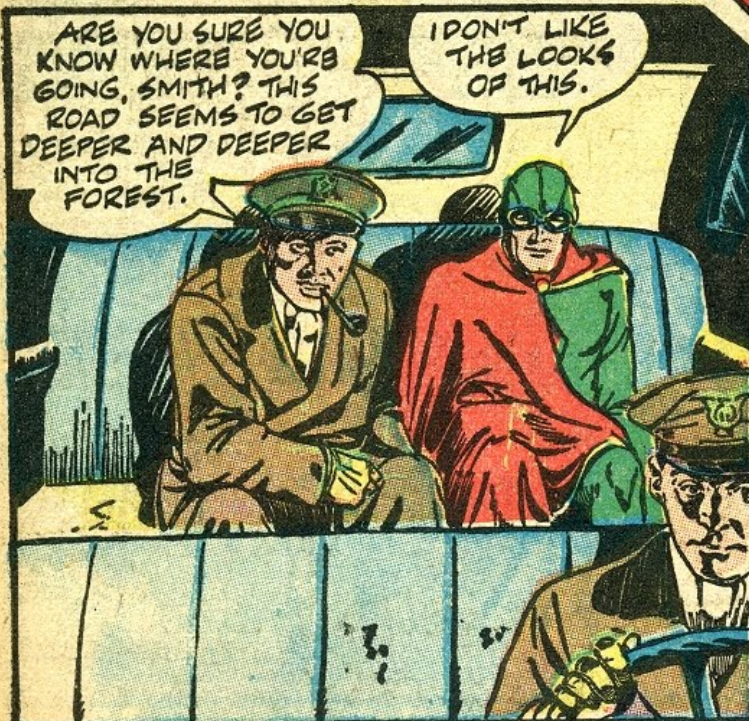
THE ROAD
IS BLOCK-
ED, SIR. BUT

THERE'S AN
OLD LUMBER
TRAIL LEADING
OFF—I'M SURE IT
COMES BACK ON THE
HIGHWAY
FURTHER
ON.



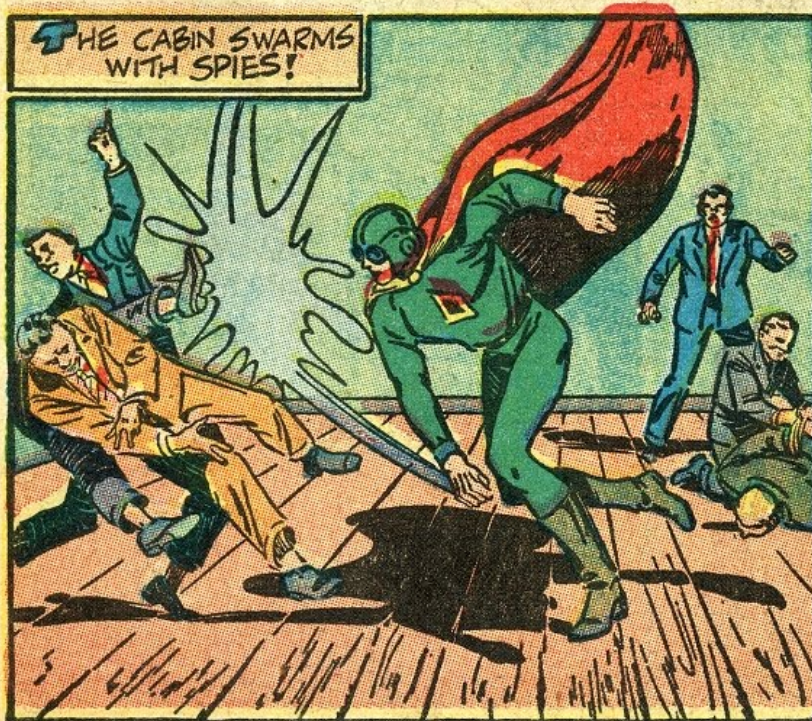
ARE YOU SURE YOU
KNOW WHERE YOU'RE
GOING, SMITH? THIS
ROAD SEEMS TO GET
DEEPER AND DEEPER
INTO THE
FOREST.

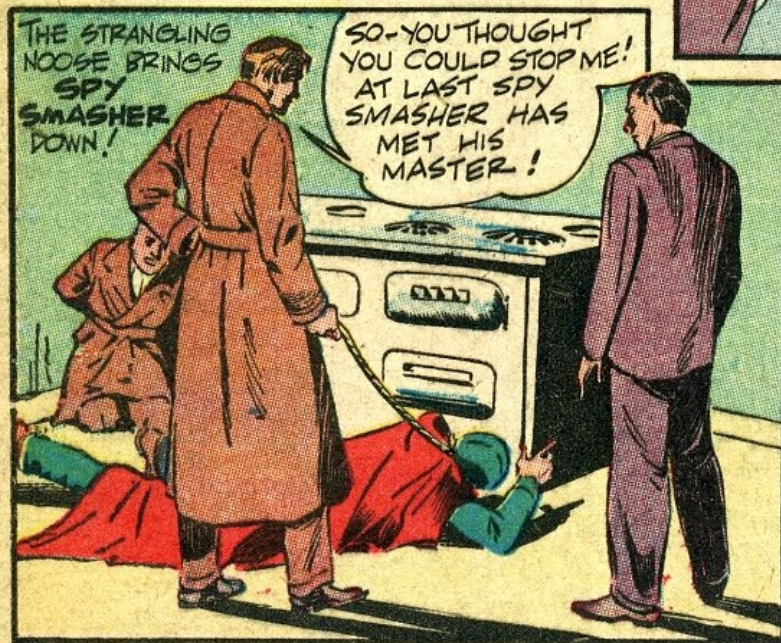
IDON'T LIKE
THE LOOKS
OF THIS.



FINALLY THE CAR STOPS AND GETS SO
HOPELESSLY STUCK—EVEN SPY
SMASHER CAN'T PUSH IT OUT!







THE FALSE CHAUFFEUR WHIPS OFF HIS MASK, REVEALING A HIDEOUS FACE!

I'M HIDEO HIMSELF. TAKE A GOOD LOOK, GENTLEMEN, WHILE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!

FORGIVE ME, HONORABLE GENERAL - FOR BEING SO BOLD AS TO TAKE YOUR CHAUFFEUR'S PLACE BACK THERE BY THAT SNOWSLIDE.

I WANTED TO BE SURE WE'D MEET, MR. SPY SMASHER - SO YOU WOULD KNOW IT WAS HIDEO WHO GOT YOU!

AS FOR YOU, GENERAL JAMES - AFTER YOU HAVE WATCHED SPY SMASHER DIE, YOU WILL BE HYPNOTIZED. THEN YOU CAN BE VERY USEFUL TO ME - AND MY EMPEROR.

YOU STILL DON'T SCARE US, HIDEO!

MY LITTLE PETS, GENTLEMEN. AND THE POOR LITTLE THINGS ARE QUITE HUNGRY - HAVEN'T HAD A MEAL IN MANY DAYS.

WE'LL SEE. YUO-ROLL BACK THE RUG AND WE WILL HAVE SOME FUN.



A HORRIFYING SIGHT LIES BELOW - A PIT FILLED WITH VICIOUS, SNARLING, STARVING WOLVES!

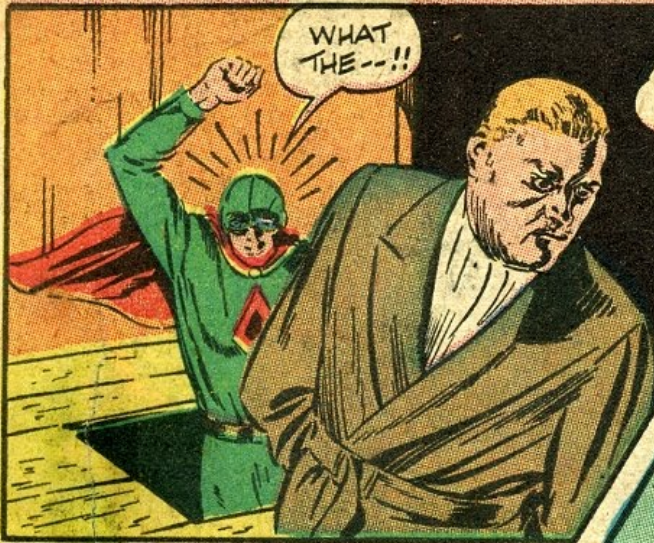
WHAT A CHARMING END FOR MR. SPY SMASHER!

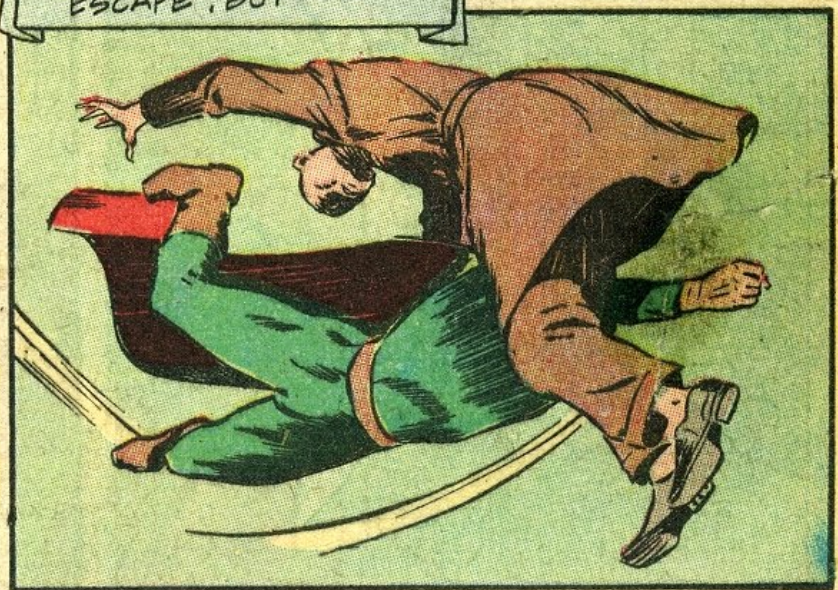


NOW-!!

AT THAT MOMENT HIDEO PRESSES A BUTTON - RELEASING A TRAP DOOR UNDER THE FEET OF SPY SMASHER!









NOW YOU KNOW WHO HIDEO IS, BUT... WHO'S HOODOO?

MORE SPY SMASHER STORIES EACH MONTH IN

WHIZ COMICS!

**A RINGSIDE SEAT FOR
THE BATTLE OF THE
CENTURY!**

**Featuring CAPT. MARVEL, JR.
World's Mightiest Boy!**

VS.

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SPY SMASHER

And the GHOST SQUADRON

WHENCE CAME THESE GHOSTS OF THE SKIES, MEN WHO FOUGHT AND DIED FOR AMERICA, AND WHO NOW RETURNED TO PILLAGE AND DESTROY? HEROES DEAD AND GONE... WHY HAD THEY BECOME DREAD SYMBOLS OF DESTRUCTION IN THE HOMES OF LIBERTY-LOVING AMERICANS? AND HOW CAN **SPY SMASHER** HOPE TO END THIS GHOSTLY REIGN OF TERROR WHILE ALL MEN THINK THAT HE IS HIMSELF A MEMBER OF THE **SQUADRON OF DEATH!**



NIGHT... AND AN ARMY PLANE PATROLS THE CITY....





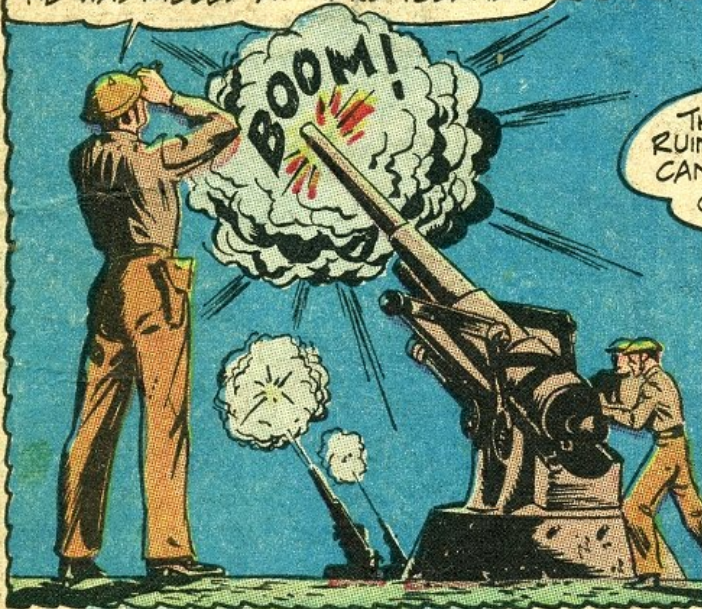


A LOOKOUT POST SIGHTED A PLANE WITH A YELLOW TIGER INSIGNIA... WHILE THEY HAD IT IN THEIR SEARCHLIGHTS, THE PLANE SIMPLY DISAPPEARED!

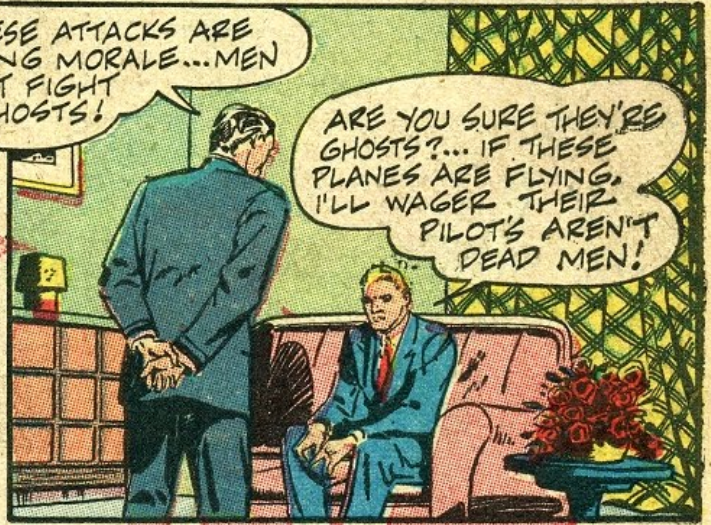
OTHER GHOSTS PLANES ARE REPORTED....
WE'VE JUST BEEN ATTACKED BY A U.S. ARMY PLANE BEARING KIRBY COLLIN'S INSIGNIA... I THOUGHT HE WAS KILLED AT PEARL HARBOR, SIR!

I KNOW THAT PLANE! BILL DENHAM FLEW IT BEFORE - BEFORE HE WAS KILLED AT WAKE ISLAND!

ADMIRAL CORBY, HEAD OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE, AND ALAN ARMSTRONG, VIRGINIA SPORTSMAN, HEAR THE NEWS.



THESE ATTACKS ARE RUINING MORALE... MEN CAN'T FIGHT GHOSTS!



ARE YOU SURE THEY'RE GHOSTS?... IF THESE PLANES ARE FLYING, I'LL WAGER THEIR PILOTS AREN'T DEAD MEN!

THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN SOLVE THIS MYSTERY! **SPY SMASHER!**... IF ONLY I COULD GET WORD TO HIM!



I AGREE WITH THE ADMIRAL... BUT WHAT CAN I DO WHEN NOBODY KNOWS WHERE THIS GHOST SQUADRON WILL STRIKE NEXT!



TAKE COVER! EVERYBODY! IT'S THE GHOST SQUADRON!

ALAN ARMSTRONG LEAVES, AND ---

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



IT'S THEM! I SAW THEM! THEY JUST ATTACKED AN ARMY PATROL!

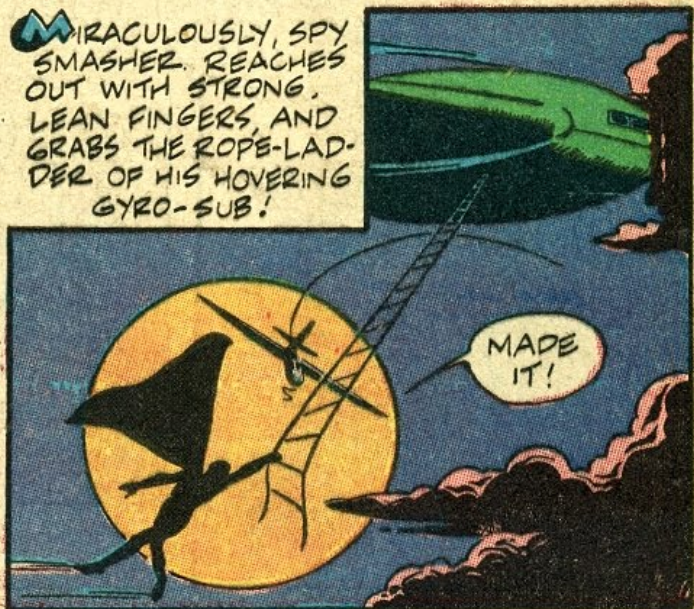
MOMENTS LATER, ALAN ARMSTRONG HAS BECOME HIS OTHER SELF, WORLD FAMED **SPY SMASHER**! AT A SECRET HANGAR, THE GYRO-SUB IS ROLLED OUT, AND THEN....

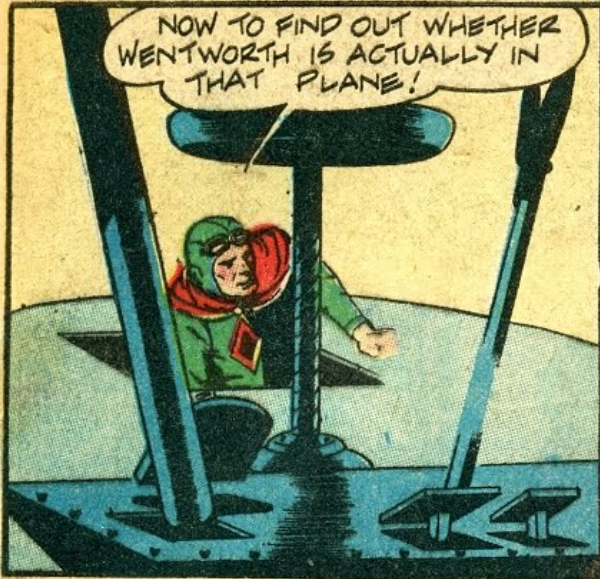


OUT OF CONTROL, THE PLANE SUDDENLY LURCHES! WENTWORTH IS QUICK TO SEIZE HIS OPPORTUNITY!



MIRACULOUSLY, SPY SMASHER REACHES OUT WITH STRONG, LEAN FINGERS, AND GRABS THE ROPE-LADDER OF HIS HOVERING GYRO-SUB!





NOW TO FIND OUT WHETHER WENTWORTH IS ACTUALLY IN THAT PLANE!



THE GHOST PLANES! THEY'RE GONE!

LATER, ALAN ARMSTRONG IS WALKING ALONG A CROWDED STREET, WHEN....



I MUST BE GOING CRAZY... I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW WENTWORTH AT THE CONTROLS OF THAT PLANE!

SPY SMASHER KILLED! READ ALL ABOUT IT!



SPY SMASHER KILLED, EH?

HE WAS KILLED IN A FIGHT WITH THOSE GHOST PLANES!

SUBWAY

IN HIS OWN ROOMS, ALAN READS THE ACCOUNT....



SO A PILOT SAW SPY SMASHER FALL FROM A PLANE AT TEN THOUSAND FEET... IT MIGHT NOT BE A BAD IDEA TO HAVE THEM THINK THAT SPY SMASHER IS DEAD. AT THAT!



IT WOULD TEMPT THOSE GHOST PLANES TO RETURN... AND THEN THEY'LL FIND THAT SPY SMASHER IS VERY MUCH ALIVE!

EVE CORBY GREET'S ALAN AT THE CORBY RESIDENCE.

ALAN! OH, I WAS SO WORRIED! I THOUGHT...

I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ALONE, EVE!

... AND SO, YOU SEE, NO ONE MUST KNOW THAT SPY SMASHER IS STILL ALIVE! NOT EVEN YOUR FATHER!

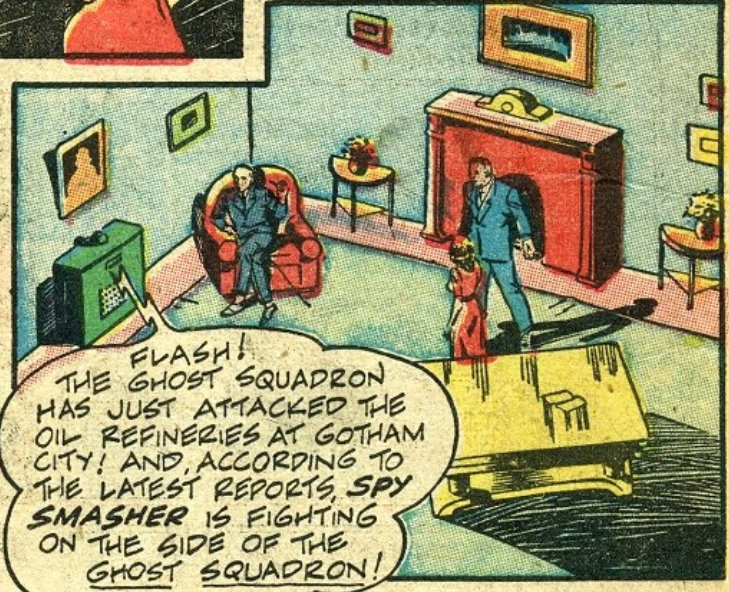
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, ALAN!

I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SEEN THE PAPERS... IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT SPY SMASHER IS REALLY DEAD, ALAN!

YES-ER-IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE, ADMIRAL!



IT'S A GREAT BLOW TO AMERICA! BUT, SOMEHOW, I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT AMERICAN PILOTS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS! LIVING OR DEAD, THEY COULDN'T TURN AGAINST THE COUNTRY THEY LOVED! I'M SURE OF IT!



FLASH! THE GHOST SQUADRON HAS JUST ATTACKED THE OIL REFINERIES AT GOTHAM CITY! AND, ACCORDING TO THE LATEST REPORTS, SPY SMASHER IS FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF THE GHOST SQUADRON!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I'VE GOT TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT!



OUTSIDE, ALAN ARMSTRONG QUICKLY BECOMES SPY SMASHER!



AND I HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE!

LIKE AN ANGRY HAWK, THE GYRO-SUB TAKES TO THE AIR AND IN BREATHLESS MOMENTS IS HOVERING OVER THE DISASTER!



AS THE GHOST SQUADRON TURNS FOR HOME, SEARCH LIGHTS ARE STALKING THE SKIES FOR THEM!



THE GHOST SQUADRON GLIDES DOWN TO A LANDING, FOLLOWED BY THE GYRO-SUB.

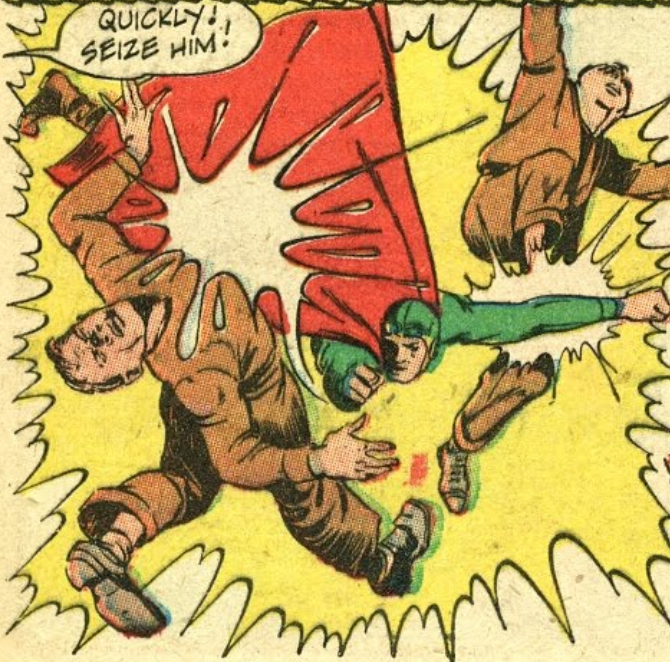


BUT WHEN SPY SMASHER REACHES THE SPOT WHERE THE PLANES LANDED, HE FINDS THEM GONE





SUDDENLY, THE **REAL** SPY SMASHER HURTTLES INTO ACTION!





THE STRANGE AIRMAN THROWS A SWITCH AND SPRINTS TO HIS WAITING PLANE!





THE NEXT INSTANT, SPY SMASHER SEES THE FALSE CLIFF WALL ROLL BACK!



WITH A WHISTLING ROAR, THE BOMB BREAKS LOOSE, ALMOST KNOCKING SPY SMASHER FROM HIS PERCH!



WHEN! FROM NOW ON, I'M LIVING ON BORROWED TIME!

FAR BELOW, THE HIGH EXPLOSIVE BOMB SHATTERS THE FACE OF THE CLIFF, STARTING AN AVALANCHE!



AND SEALING FOREVER, UNDER TONS OF GRANITE, THE BASE OF THE GHOST SQUADRON!



NOW TO DEAL WITH THIS GHOST PERSON!



YOU-ALIVE? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

THIS IS THE END OF YOUR GHOST STORY!

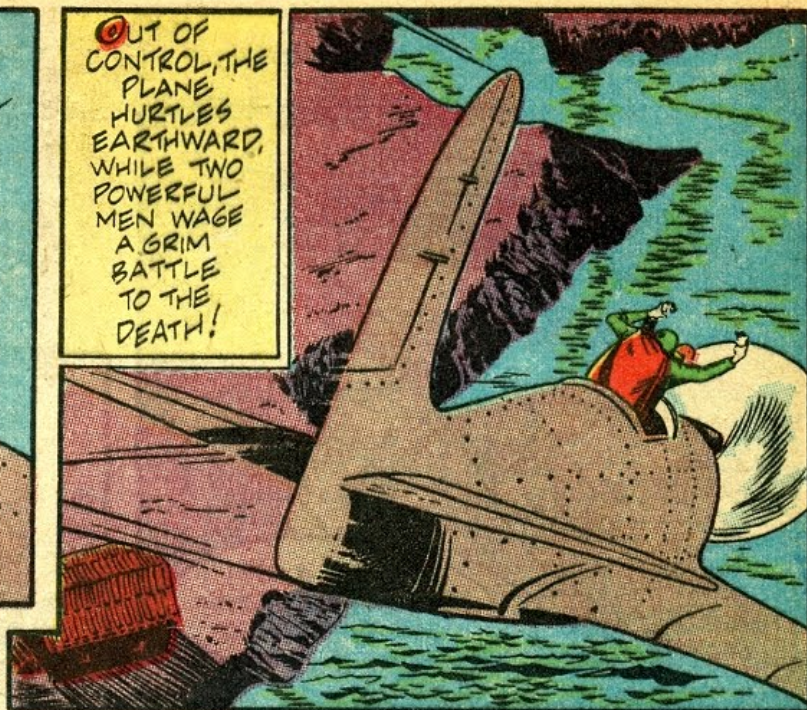


A RUBBER FACE MASK! AND THOSE OTHER GHOSTS WERE NAZI AIRMEN YOU SMUGGLED INTO THE COUNTRY, EH, BARON VON KURTZ?





OUT OF CONTROL, THE PLANE HURTTLES EARTHWARD, WHILE TWO POWERFUL MEN WAGE A GRIM BATTLE TO THE DEATH!



SPY SMASHER LEAPS FROM THE DOOMED PLANE!



THE NEXT DAY AT ADMIRAL CORBY'S HOME...



YOU MAY BE RIGHT! I HAVE A FEELING THAT, WHILE AMERICA NEEDS HIM, SPY SMASHER WILL NEVER DIE!

SPY SMASHER AID'S AMERICA EVERY MONTH IN **WHIZ COMICS!**



BUT...



SPY SMASHER

VIRGINIA, MOTHER OF FIGHTING AMERICANS!

THE NATIVE STATE OF SPY SMASHER GAVE US WASHINGTON, FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY! IN THE DAYS OF '61, THE FLAG OF THE CONFEDERACY FLEW. LEE OF VIRGINIA WON HONOR! TODAY, OLD WOUNDS AND QUARRELS FORGOTTEN, VIRGINIANS MARCH AGAIN TO DEFEND THEIR NATIVE LAND!

THIS IS A TALE OF VIRGINIA VOLUNTEERS--OF YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW!



AT THE JEB STUART HOME FOR CONFEDERATE VETERANS...

A LETTER FOR YOU, GRANDPAPPY SWIRE!

THANKEE, SUH!





MY GRANDSON...BOB LEE SWIRE...ACCUSED OF TREASON! IT'S A DERN LIE, AND I'LL FIX THE LIAR!

OTHERS ARE INTERESTED IN THE CHARGES AGAINST ROBERT L. SWIRE! AT THE HOME OF ADMIRAL CORBY, NAVAL INTELLIGENCE CHIEF...



STRANGE CASE IN THE NEWS! YOUNG ARMY SERGEANT, NAMED SWIRE, IS ACCUSED OF GIVING PLANS OF A NEW ANTI-TANK GUN TO THE ENEMY!

SWIRE? THE SWIRES HAD A PLANTATION NEXT TO OURS IN VIRGINIA! I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS!



ONLY EVE KNOWS THAT QUIET ALAN ARMSTRONG IS REALLY SPY SMASHER!

VERY ENERGETIC--FOR ALAN!



SORRY, ARMSTRONG, THE EVIDENCE IS FINAL! SERGEANT SWIRE HAD THE PLANS--LATER HE COULDN'T PRODUCE THEM!

AND THAT MEANS--ALAN ARMSTRONG ARRIVES IN VIRGINIA AT THE ARMY POST.



YEARS OF PRISON--MAYBE DEATH! AMONG HIS POSSESSIONS WERE FOUND COMMISSIONS FROM ADOLPH HITLER AS A SPY CAPTAIN!



OUT OF MY WAY, YE YOUNG SPRIG!

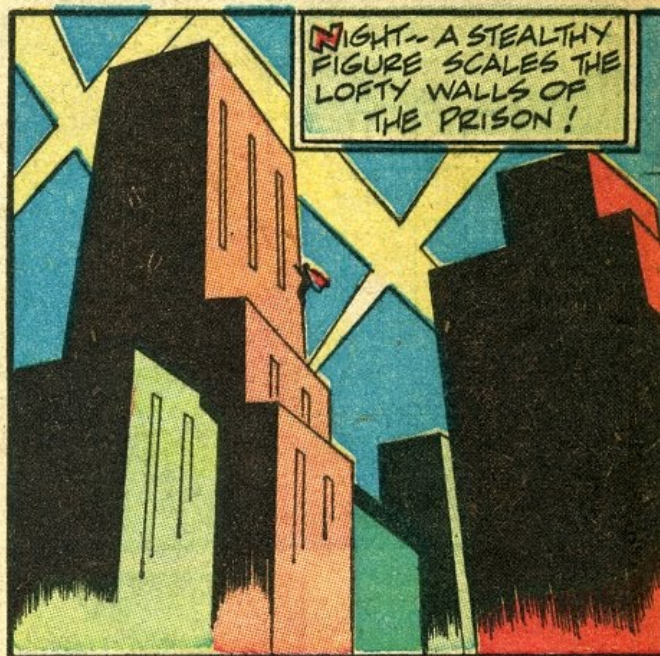
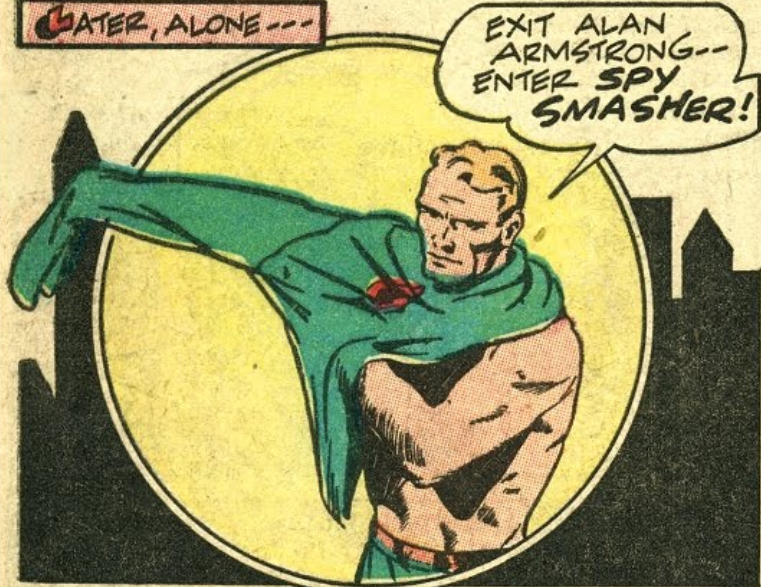


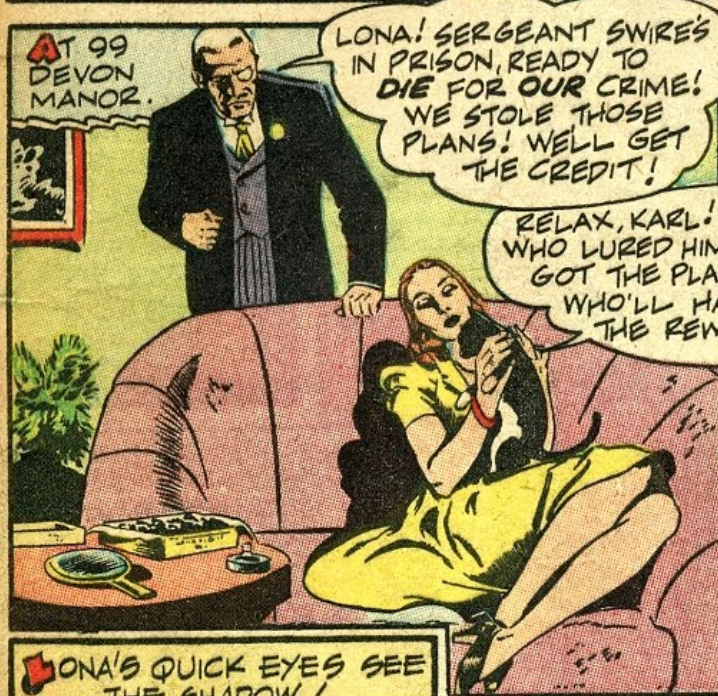
ARE YE THE LOW-DOWN SKUNK WHO SEZ MY GRANDSON'S A TRAITOR?

WHY--UH--



GATER, ALONE---







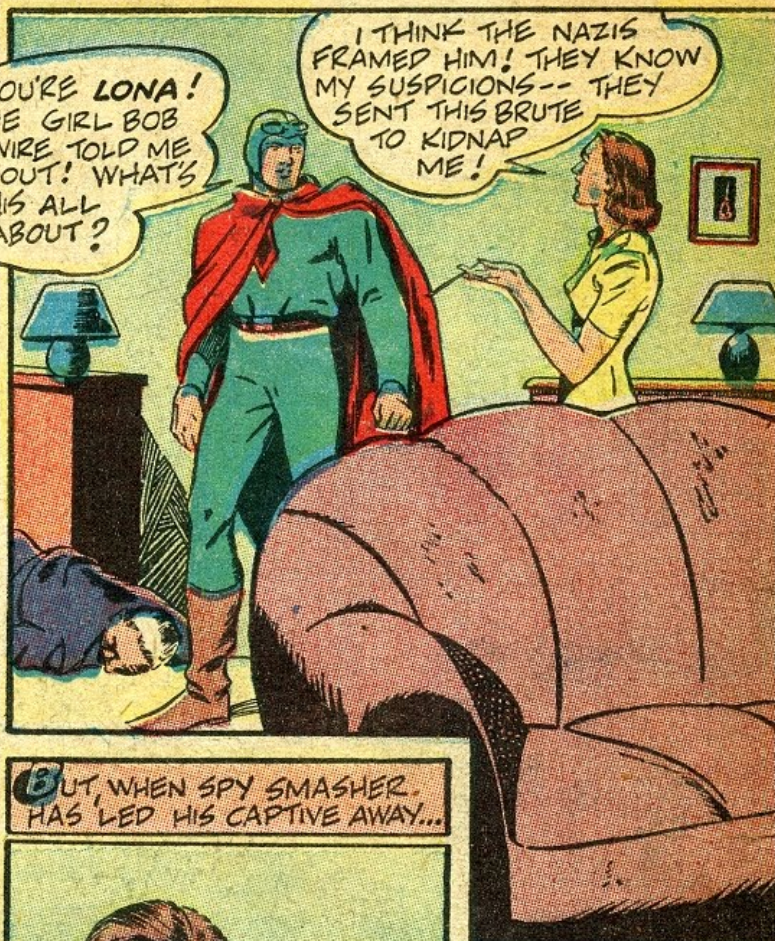
HE'S WAKING UP!
I'LL TAKE HIM TO
JAIL, THEN --

THEN
COME BACK --
ALONE -- AT 11:30
TONIGHT! I MAY
HAVE **REAL EVIDENCE**
TO GIVE YOU!
WE'LL SAVE
BOB FROM
DISGRACE.



YOU'RE **LONA!**
THE GIRL BOB
SWIRE TOLD ME
ABOUT! WHAT'S
THIS ALL
ABOUT?

I THINK THE NAZIS
FRAMED HIM! THEY KNOW
MY SUSPICIONS -- THEY
SENT THIS BRUTE
TO KIDNAP
ME!



BUT, WHEN SPY SMASHER
HAS LED HIS CAPTIVE AWAY...



HELLO, VON KURTZ? LONA
SPEAKING! SPY SMASHER
BROKE IN HERE -- HE WAS ON
THE THRESHOLD OF ACCUSING
ME, BUT I SHOVED ALL THE
BLAME ON THAT LUNKHEAD
KARL!



I LET HIM CAPTURE
KARL! AND ARRANGED
FOR HIM TO VISIT ME
SECRETLY -- TONIGHT!
SEND ME ENOUGH
MEN TO...

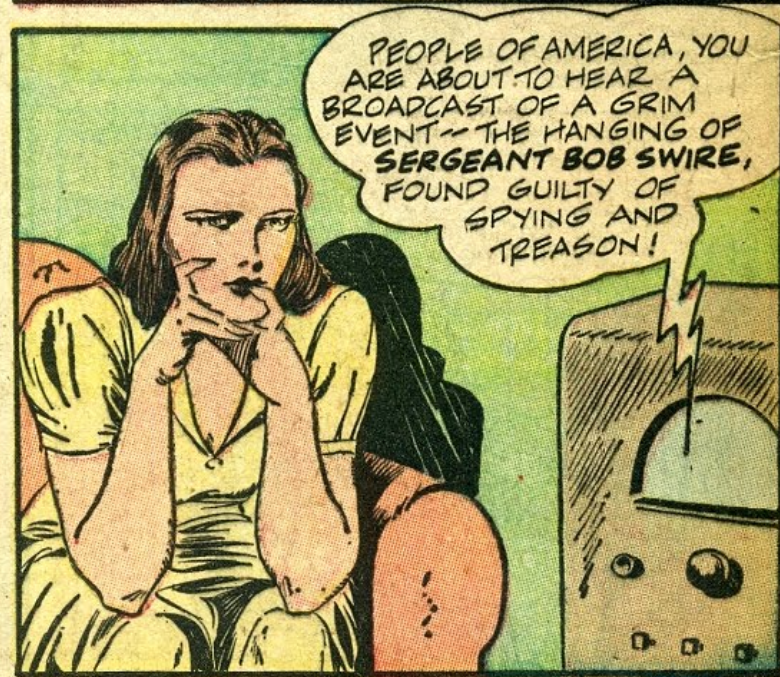
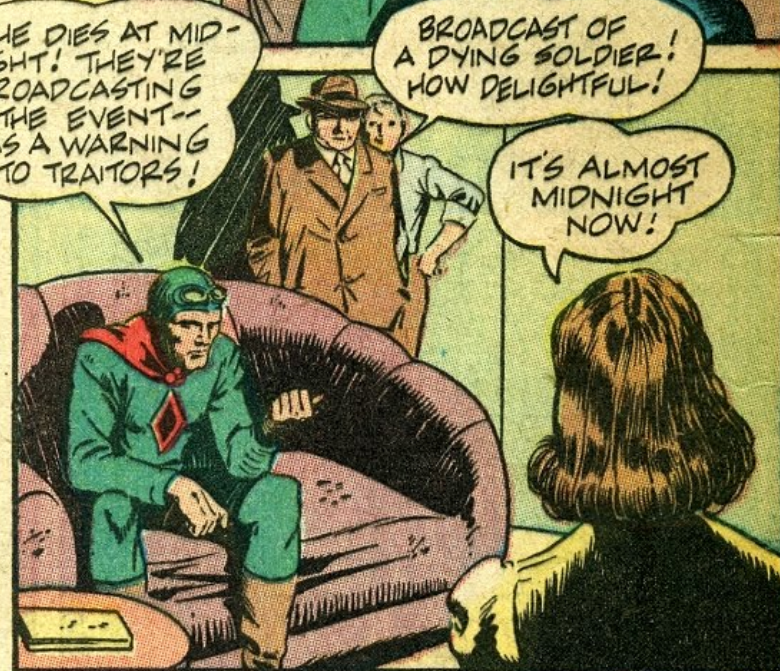
WHILE, AT THE OFFICE OF THE
COMMANDING OFFICER

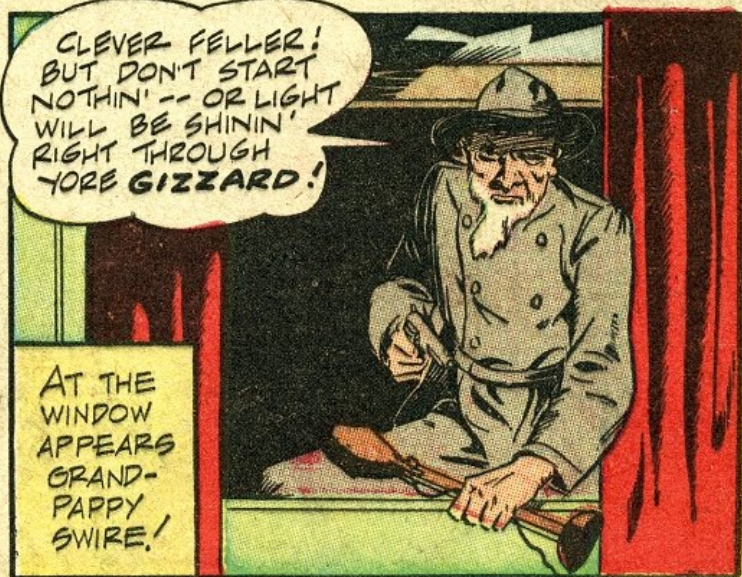
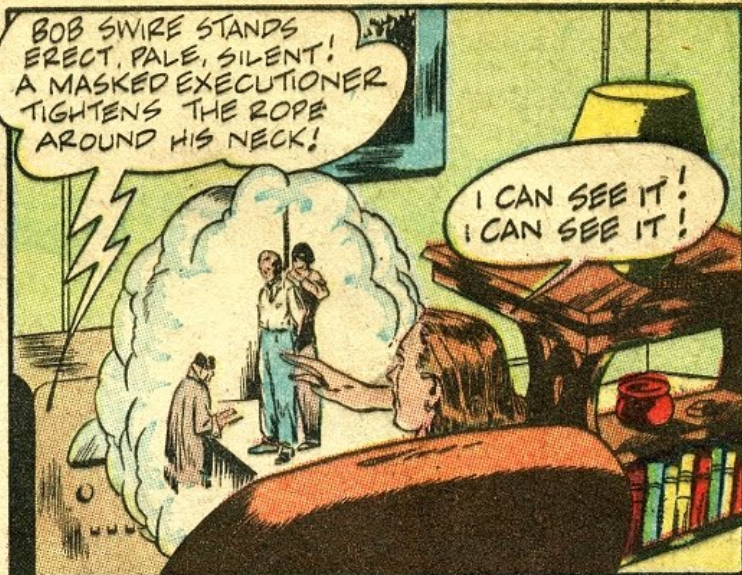


I HAVE A GREAT
FAVOR TO ASK!

NAME IT,
SPY SMASHER!
I'LL BE GLAD
TO HELP!





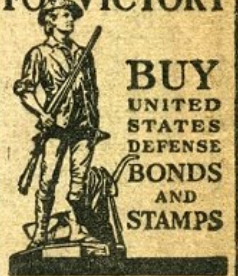


TOO LATE, THE NAZIS RECOGNIZE THE TRICK! THEY TRY TO ESCAPE, BUT--



SEE MASTER COMICS AUGUST ISSUE ON SALE JULY 8th

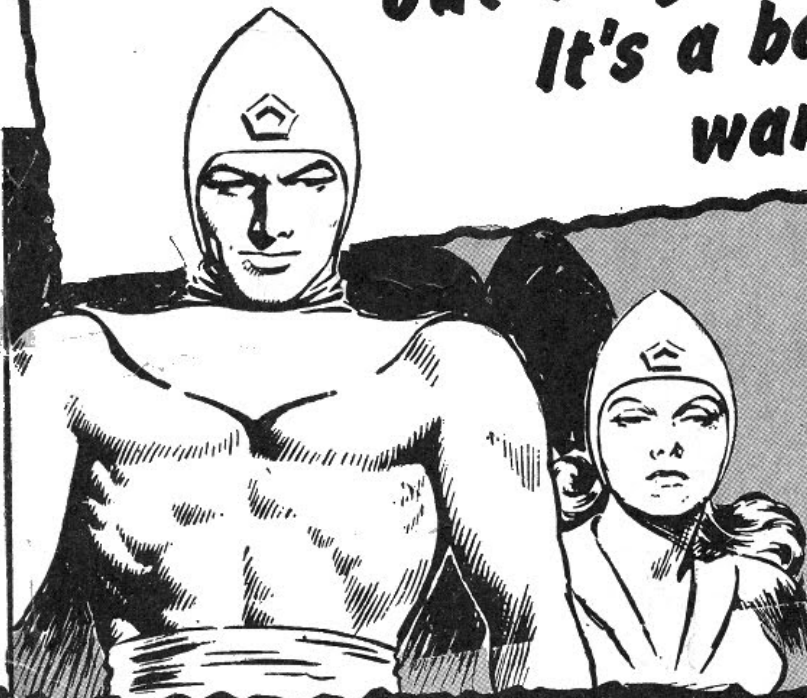
FOR VICTORY



REVENGE! REVENGE! REVENGE!



**They're THE MURDER PROPHET,
THE BLACK RAT and THE WEEPER,
three arch-fiends banded together
as THE REVENGE SYNDICATE--
out to get BULLETMAN!
It's a battle you don't
want to miss!**



**SEE IT!...and see
THE GHOST OF HAM-
LET, THE RED PIRATE
and THE RETURN OF
DR. RIDDLE...all in**

BULLETMAN No. 7

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